

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1887.

NO. 278.

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

S. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

The Supreme Court of the United States has denied the writ of error in the case of the Chicago anarchists and unless Gov. Oglesby shall abuse his pardon prerogative, the red-handed murderers will swing next Friday, as they should have done long ago. The decision is very lengthy and covers every point raised fully and lucidly. One point is especially gratifying—that which says, in effect that intelligent will be no bar to jury service, and that aitno's a jury may have formed an opinion based upon rumor or upon newspaper statements, but has expressed no opinion as to the truth, he is still qualified as a juror if he states that he can fairly and impartially render a verdict thereon in accordance with the law and the evidence, and the court shall be satisfied of the truth of such statement. The denial of the writ and the execution of the condemned will have a most salutary effect on the growing disposition of foreigners and others to murder and overrule the laws and the day that sees them swinging will be an auspicious one for the whole country.

The news for the next week or so will be of great moment. Elections will occur in Ohio, New York, Virginia and Maryland and the result is of more than usual interest because it is thought it will foreshadow to a great degree the result in 1888. Of course Ohio will go republican, but good news comes from New York, where it is said the democratic State ticket will be elected by 15,000 or 20,000.

Gov. BUCKNER's thanksgiving proclamation is a model of brevity and pointlessness, recommending merely that the people of Kentucky observe Thursday, November 24 the day set apart by the President "in the manner in which each individual may deem most fitting, to acknowledge the bounties which have been extended by the benefice of the Supreme Being."

A STORE KEEPER named Landrum has preferred several charges against Hupfer Wood, which if they can be substantiated ought to lose him his place as collector of the Second District. It is said, however, that Landrum is an unreliable, disappointed fellow, who cannot sustain his charges.

JENNIE LIND, the Swedish nightingale, who forty years ago used to hold audiences spell bound with her matchless voice, died Wednesday, aged 66. It has been more than 20 years since she appeared before an audience, during which time she has lived quietly and happily as Mrs. Goldschmidt.

THREE of the condemned anarchists, Lingg, Fischer and Engel, boldly proclaim that they want liberty or death and will not accept a commutation of sentence. They should be given death on the day fixed. The country is tired of the long delay.

THE job printers in New York struck for nine hours work and ten hours pay and not only got beat, but 300 or more were thrown entirely out of employment. It never pays to act the hog, though it takes some people a long time to find it out.

ONE of the Cleveland fur thieves, who murdered a man in attempting to rescue one of his pals, has been sentenced to death. He has his attorney a cigar the jury would find as it did and smiled when he saw that he had won.

THE men on trial at Morehead for conspiring to murder Judge Cole, were acquitted on the peremptory instructions of Judge Morton, special judge in the case. There seems to have been much cry and little wool.

Gov. GORDON, besides kissing Gen. Morgan square in the mouth, seems to have made a fool of himself generally during his speechifying tour in Ohio. He ought never to have left his Georgia home.

SINCE the Western Union gobbled up the Baltimore & Ohio telegraph it has raised rates so that no message, night or day, goes for less than 25 cents. The grinding monopoly will continue to grind.

KENTUCKY will have a hanging to day at Lexington when Tuck Agee will leave us by the hemp route. Fully 1,000 more such murderers ought to be made to do likewise.

THE 6th Louisiana district elected a democrat to fill the vacancy in the Congressional delegation for that State.

THE reports of the fatal illness of Jefferson Davis at Macon, are, we are glad to say, untrue.

CAPT. SMITH IRWIN deserves the thanks of our citizens for his promptness in sending an engine up with a full tender of water and buckets and ropes for fighting the fire.

THE Page Dramatic Company is the worst lot of amateurs we have ever seen. Their performance here was not only thin, but some points of it too coarse for any but a negro minstrel audience. The whole ship's crew should retire to some sequestered spot and learn to act before they appear before a decent assembly.

### PERSONAL.

—DR AND MRS. C. A. COX arrived yesterday.

—MISS ANNIE WRAY is visiting friends in Lebanon.

—C. H. RODES, Esq., of Danville, is attending court.

—DR. O. H. McROBERTS, of Liberty, is with his parents.

—MISS JULIA HIGGINS went to Lexington to visit relatives yesterday.

—HON. JOHN W. YERKES, the brightest republican in the district, was here Tuesday.

—MR. AND MRS. S. P. STAGG have taken rooms in the Owsley building over his drug store.

—MRS. M. J. MILLER and Mrs. A. G. Lovell, of Mt. Vernon, are guests of Mrs. J. J. Williams.

—MISS W. MCKEE DUNCAN, who has been visiting Mrs. R. C. Warroo, returned to Louisville yesterday.

—MRS. T. E. WALTON and Miss Jessie Paxton paid Mrs. William Royston, in Garrard, a visit this week.

—REV. BROTHER COOT and wife, of Mercer, are here, visiting his sister, Aunt Betsy Nevius, and other relatives.

—CAPT. J. W. ROSE of the Greensburg Branch, was up Tuesday and went with a party to Danville to confer some high Masonic degrees.

—MR. L. B. GIVENS left yesterday for Slater, Mo., where he goes to a territory for the Florence Washing Machine. We wish him great success.

—MR. J. H. VANHOEK, an excellent young business man and a very clever gentleman, will leave in a few days to take a position in a drug store at Ash Grove, Mo.

—THE Liberty Advance in mentioning the return of Miss Luis McKinney to Kentucky says: "Her superior intellect and magnetic manner won her hosts of friends who lament her departure."

—MISS ALICE EBANKS, daughter of Mr. J. W. Ebanks, her friends will be glad to learn, was able to ride out a few days since, after being confined to her bed by sickness for two years or more.

### LOCAL MATTERS

BIG bargains in comforts, blankets, cloaks, shawls, warm underwear, overcoats, and in fact everything the people need at Powers' Great Bargain store.

ALL signs fail in dry weather. Three frosts are generally followed by falling weather, but four heavy ones have come this week and there is still no sign of the much needed rain.

A horse driven by Misses Emma Baker and Mary Horton ran away with them en route to Danville on Tuesday, demolishing the vehicle, but fortunately the young ladies escaped unharmed.

THE K. C. will make a round trip rate to Cincinnati of \$1.15, beginning on the 7th and ending on the 12th, tickets good till the 15th, for all who wish to attend the great Booth and Barrett performances.

FINE PORTRAITS—in the windows of Messrs. Stockton & Willis, druggists, on Main street, are to be seen three fine life-size portraits in pastel of Mr. W. M. Lackey, wife and son, of Stanford. The work was done by Mr. L. Schlegel, of this place.

—[Richmond Climax] Mr. Schlegel will have them on exhibition at his gallery here next Tuesday, 8th, and parties interested in the work will please call and enquire.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The motion for a new trial, made by the lawyers in the case against Feland, was overruled and the case will go to the Court of Appeals. Alfred Mulline, for attempting to rape Mrs. Gluz, was acquitted Tuesday. When he was tried two years ago for the same offense the jury stood eight for acquittal and four for two to four in the penitentiary.

The case of Miss Belle Hughes against Dr. J. G. Carpenter for alleged malpractice in which she asks for \$10,000 damages, was called Wednesday afternoon, when seven jurors were obtained before adjournment. This case was tried at the spring term, 1886, of this court, when after four days and night were consumed in the testimony and speeches, the jury failed to agree. The panel was completed yesterday morning and at 11 o'clock Robert Harding stated the case for Monroe Curtis, Thomas House, Thomas Vanhoek, C. M. Jones, Leroy Garner, R. C. Brister, John Bowmunt, William Curtis, J. L. Murphy, B. F. Gaines, W. H. Wright, G. B. Barnett.

THE cause for the plaintiff are Messrs. Jacobs, Harding and Breckinridge, and for the defendant Wilson & Sandley, Bradley, Paxton and Carpenter. It has been suggested that as matters of an indecent nature will be investigated that the ladies will find it more pleasant not to attend the trial. Their presence hampers the lawyers and retards the business of the court. Of course the ladies are at liberty to do as they please and we merely throw out this hint.

Nearly the whole of the evening was consumed in the examination of Miss Hughes, who sat in an invalid's chair and stood the trying ordeal remarkably well.

The case of Wright against the Cincinnati Southern is still with the jury, which seems to be badly hung.

The charming Miss Bettie G. Hurt, who taught art at the College here last session, will be married at her home in Marion, Ga., to Mr. W. F. Molton, of Birmingham, next Tuesday.

The grand jury is still inditing them.

Most desirable varieties of canned goods at T. R. Walton's.

Did you see the crowds at Powers' Great Bargain Store all last week?

W. A. ADAMS has been appointed postmaster in Greenwood, Putnam county, and Bazzard, Whitley county, has been discontinued.

—Mr. Roger Williams and Miss Minnie, daughter of Barker Sayre, were married in Lexington, Tuesday.

—I. D. Gooch and Miss Sarah Wilson were married yesterday. They are 18 and 19 years of age respectively.

—Mr. Thomas Chappell, of the East End, a widower, and Mrs. Mollie Singleton, a pretty young widow, were married Wednesday.

—Mrs. Roger Williams and Miss Minnie, daughter of Barker Sayre, were married in Lexington, Tuesday.

—I. D. Gooch and Miss Sarah Wilson were married yesterday. They are 18 and 19 years of age respectively.

—Mr. Thomas Chappell, of the East End, a widower, and Mrs. Mollie Singleton, a pretty young widow, were married Wednesday.

—The coal famine I predicted is upon us. Many of our citizens have had to go to bed to keep warm. It is too bad, but it seems we can't help ourselves.

—A little girl of Lucy Collier's, a colored woman living in that human hive known as the Ark, in Lexington, was burned to death on Monday. The child was alone and its dress caught fire, causing its death instantly.

### RELIGIOUS.

—At Carlisle Christian church, the meeting of two weeks' and two days' duration closed night before last with 57 additions, Elder A. P. Cobb, of Decatur, Ill., doing the preaching.—Paris Kentucky.

—Rev. J. R. James has moved to Paris and taken charge of the Baptist church there.

—The contributions to the Moody Tabernacle fund in Louisville up to date amount to \$1,155.

—Rev. R. B. Mahony and A. C. Graves will begin a protracted meeting at Millersburg on the 8th.

—The Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky having determined to raise \$100,000 as a memorial fund in Central University, Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Woodburn Stock Farm, in Woodford county, has agreed to give \$50,000 to \$80,000 is raised, or \$100,000 if \$100,000 is secured.

### LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—D. M. Cress sold to Col. J. M. Cowan 5 miles colt for \$250.

—R. B. & E. P. Woods sold to Gentry Bros. of Lexington, one mile for \$175.

—FOR SALE.—One car load of extra fat hogs, 15½ hands high. J. Alex Doty, Point Leavell, Garrard county.

—A. T. Nunneley bought of Bob McAlister 25 fat hogs at 4 cents; of John Miller 15 and of Joe Paxton 25 of same kind at same price.

—Joel Embry, of Madison, bought of James Duddar a bunch of 1,150 feeders at \$1 and of same a bunch of 1,000 pound cattle at 3 cents.

—A. G. Coffey bought of Jacob Smith 103 acres of land near Turnersville at \$145 and sold to James F. Martin 18 acres near it for \$750 and 11 acres to W. S. Wren for \$250.

—Dwyer Bros. won \$4,216.50 with their great 3-year-old racer, Hanover, this season. He won 24 races.

—Cattle are slow and dull in Louisville at 1½ to 4 hours firm and sell readily at 3 to 4.60; sheep are slow at 1 to 3½.

—Squire John Anderson, who has decided to move to Texas, will sell his stock and other personalty on the 15th.

—Wakefield, Moreland & Co., of Danville, delivered to Israel Brown, this week, 25 head of 1,550 pound cattle, 4½ and 5½ feeders to E. W. Lee, of 1,300 pounds weight, at \$25.

—Smith & Anderson bought 1,500 bushels of wheat yesterday at 72 cents. W. H. Prewitt shipped a carload of hogs to Cincinnati yesterday which cost 4 cents a pound.—[Danville Advocate.]

### LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—Dad's Uncle Jim, do the song and dance act nicely, though?

—Twenty one applicants for pensions were before the board of medical advisers Wednesday.

—E. C. & Smith have remodeled one room of the old clerk's office and occupy it as a law office.

—S. M. Rain has completed a nice frame cottage on the Pittsburg road, one half mile from London.

—W. H. Jackson & Co., manufacturers and vendors of Dr. Hinckley's patent medicines, did an enormous business the past season and will put up a large laboratory and manufacture place their remedies in all the Southern States.

—A very strange and peculiar bird was captured near Altamont last week. It was as large as a large hen and would fit everything it came in contact with. J. A. Owens sent it to a taxidermist to be stuffed when it will be placed in Owens' natural history collection.

—Gov. B. Clark refused to pardon Chas Tucker who was sentenced for seven years at our last term of circuit court for the murder of young Nelson at East Bernstadt. A large petition was presented in Tucker's behalf, but the governor said he would do nothing when the jury's decision was affirmed by another court.

—The explosion of gasoline in a tenement house in St. Louis, occupied by three families, 17 persons were killed by the falling walls or burned against the back end of the house and died. After the explosion of 30 minutes and the excitement over it, a second alarm was given and a second blaze was discovered at his dwelling house. One end of the building had been dashed with coal oil and fire. But a short time was required to subdue the flames. No suspicion as to whom the incendiary is.

—C. W. Adams left for Kansas City Monday on the court-house bell called our citizens to the east end of town where James Frazer's small, vacant, stone-house was discovered to be on fire. It was soon extinguished. Coal oil had been thrown against the back end of the house and died. After the explosion of 30 minutes and the excitement over it, a second alarm was given and a second blaze was discovered at his dwelling house. One end of the building had been dashed with coal oil and fire. But a short time was required to subdue the flames. No suspicion as to whom the incendiary is.

—Alfred Stone, a Chicago seaman, is the only known survivor of the propeller Vernon, lost on Lake Michigan last Friday night. After remaining for 60 hours on a raft, exposed to a bitter cold wind and without food, Stone was rescued by the schooner Pomeroy, so cold and weak as to be almost helpless.

—A water famine prevails in Christian county. But little rain has fallen there since the first of May and the springs, rivers, cisterns and wells are all dried up. The people are becoming uneasy. Families are compelled to send their washing to Nashville and Louisville laundries. Several families who find water indispensable for their purposes send miles for it. In addition to this, it is a prohibition county, so there is absolutely nothing to drink.

### CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Mrs. Mollie Scott has bought a lot in Lexington cemetery and last Tuesday had Lt. Scott's remains removed there. She is taking of moving to that cemetery.

—Mrs. D. D. Scott met with quite a painful accident recently. As she was walking across the back porch her foot slipped through an opening in the floor, bruising one of her limbs so severely that she can scarcely walk at all.

—Dr. Pettus has presented a piano to his daughters, Misses Ida and Maud. Mr. Joe Melvin has moved to Mr. John Slavin's house near the depot, which was vacated by Mrs. C. C. Green. Mrs. F. H. Tarrant, who went to Birmingham on a visit several weeks ago, will not return here, as she has opened a boarding-house at that place.

—The protracted meeting which is being conducted at the Christian church by Rev. J. Q. Montgomery is increasing in interest, though no confession yet. Mr. Montgomery, who is liked by all denominations, is a zealous, earnest advocate for the cause of Christ and preaches the truth in a plain, straightforward, earnest manner. Large congregations greet him at night, but the morning services are not so largely attended. The meeting will continue until Sunday, and perhaps longer.

—Miss Bettie Perrin, Jessie and Lizzie Hurt and Mr. S. P. Perrin, all of Garrard, are visiting Mrs. Harrison Thurman. Miss Helen Chestnut, of Kingston, is the guest of Miss Judy King. Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Williams, of Mt. Vernon, have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kennedy. Mr. Will Brooks has gone to Kirkwood to attend school. Miss Lena Carter; of Rowland, is visiting Miss Maggie Davis. Mr. George Carson has returned to Missouri after a lengthy visit to his old home. Mr. John S. Edmonson has gone to Birmingham, Ala. Mrs. C. C. Green, Mrs. Atchinson and Miss Mary Green leave this week for the South. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Green have been here for some time. The good wishes of many old friends here go with them to their new home. Mr. George Moore is very ill with malarial fever. Mrs. Bett



### SONNET.

Love makes the solid grossness musical;  
All music is the travail of its breaths,  
Life's level facts attain a lyric swell,  
And liquid births lead to fructuous death,  
Watching the world with wonder. Thus, today,  
I thought the ebbing and the flowing feet  
Moved to a delicate sense of rhythm aye;  
And that I heard the yearning faces say,  
"Soul, sing me this new song!" The autumn leaves  
Throbbed subtly to me an immortal tune;  
And when a warm shower wet the roots at noon,  
Soft melodies said down on me from the caves,  
Dying delicious in a mystic swoon.  
—Richard Realf.

### A NOBLE VICTORY.

The waves break on the shore of the North sea. A sharp wind from the north sweeps over its surface, driving the waves high before it. On their crests rise and sink the white foam. How the water surges forward, as if it would rush far into the land. But again and again it retreats from the white sand, only to return in haste the next morning.

On the shore lies stretched out the village of Husom. Every little house stands by itself, often separated from its neighbor by a wide space of perhaps fifty feet, which is generally made into a garden, in which a few feeble plants draw a scanty nourishment from the ground. With no less difficulty do the inhabitants of Husom manage to get their living. They are all fishermen, and the sea is their real home, on which they go out for miles to cast their nets. When the sun shines on a smooth surface it is an exhilarating occupation, but when a sudden storm springs up while the boats are far from land and a fog settles down upon the water like a broad, heavy mantle, then one understands how hard are the conditions and the perpetual danger attending the labor by which these men earn their bread.

The sea runs high and most of the boats have pulled in to land. Two men are still working to save their property in the same way. They are both young, large vigorous men, with sun-burned faces and tanned hands. At last their boats too rest on the shore firmly secured. "Lars," said one of the men, straightening up and buttoning his short jacket, "this will be a fierce blow to-night." The other nodded: "It is lucky that none of us are out."

Meanwhile they have started homeward, and strike along together in silence. The only street of the village is quiet. It is dark, and here and there a faint light gleaming from a little window.

They are passing a small house, and, almost as if by a secret agreement, they approach and glance through the lighted window to the inside. An old man with white hair and beard sits in a large arm chair; his hand has fallen forward on his breast—a picture of the life fast sinking to rest. At the table, on the opposite side, sits, in bright contrast, a young girl, sewing—a fresh, lovely face, with round, rosy cheeks and luxuriant, fair hair. Kate Mason is the prettiest girl in the village, and the most industrious, on whom many a young fellow looks with earnest glance. Early and late she is busy, supporting herself and her aged father by her own hands.

The leisters of the window have turned and gone on their way. At last Lars said: "Good night, Christoph," and crossed the street to his home. He had heard the reply to his greeting, and now waited and listened, standing by the fence that inclosed his little tract of ground. Christoph had not gone out, but had turned back—for what? Lars felt a twinge. He, too, hastened back. The wind drives full in his face, but he does not heed. Now he hears Christophs steps before him, but cannot see, for it is very dark. There stands the little house where Katie Mason lives. Christoph stands by the window. Lars sees him plainly in the light of the lamp that falls full upon him. He hears a tap on the window, and now Christoph has his hand on the door, and it opens before him.

"Then, Christoph! What brings thee so late?" asked Katie, holding on to the door, which the storm was shaking.

"I was passing and saw thee sitting, so I stopped to bid thee sleep well."

"Thou dear!" she said, putting out her hand.

The wind seized the door then set free, and flung it wide open against the wall. But Christoph, using all his strength, drew the girl into the hall and closed the door. Lars stood under his coarse jacket; hot in spite of the blustering wind. He stepped close to the door and heard speaking within, but could not distinguish anything. He waited, his heart filled with the pangs of jealousy. How long he stood he knew not; it seemed an eternity to him. At last the door opened and Christoph stepped out. "Sleep well, dear girl," he whispered. "Goodby, dear Christoph." The key was turned in the lock. Christoph went home, the joy of love rekindled in his heart. The other, too, turned homeward, but a long time passed before he reached the little house.

They had grown up together—Lars, Christoph and Katie. The three had played together continually as children, and Katie would be carried by no others or drawn on the sled by none but Lars or Christoph. When they grew larger they went to school together and were confirmed together in the little church of the neighboring village. No strife had ever come between them, never had the girl shown whether she had preferred one of the lads to the other. As these developed into strong men, Katie bloomed into still greater beauty, as was apparent to other young men of the village, and Rob Steffel ventured to intimate as much, in a rough fashion, to the girl. The following day his place in the boat was empty; he was sick, his father said—the truth was, Rob would not show his discolored face. From that time the young fellows held themselves aloof from Katie Mason. But between Lars and Christoph the old intimacy began again.

At last the fishermen had painfully reached the shore. Women and old men full of anguish stood waiting the returning ones.

"Katie!" cried a voice from the darkness, and the girl felt herself embraced by two arms.

"Christoph! thank heaven that you are here!"

She led him to her house. He was silent all the way, only holding her fast. She, too, hardly spoke. When they reached the house, she noticed for the first time that his clothes were stained and asked the reason. Then his mouth quivered with repressed pain, while he answered:

"Katie, the storm destroyed my boat. Lars snatched me from the waves, but he himself fell into the sea and—"

"What?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I could not save him," he said, almost inaudibly.

After a few days the sea washed the body of Lars ashore. It was the only sacrifice made that day. Lars had no parents living, but even parents could not have shed more burning tears than Katie and Christoph when he was buried in the little churchyard. The thought of him, the consciousness that his sacrifice had secured their happiness never left them.

Long after Katie went to the altar with Christoph, and when they came from the church their first steps were directed to the grave of Lars.—Translated from the German by L. V. Star.

### The Universal Custom.

The only custom which seems to be universal, according to a gentleman who has just commenced a trip around the world, is the use of tobacco. In many places he saw the weed used by women as much as by men.

Everywhere found smoking on the streets of Saugatuck, Mich., during the dry spell was liable to be arrested under the orders of the village council.—New York Tribune.

### ON CITY SIDEWALKS.

#### PEOPLE WHO THRIVE AS MERCHANTS OF THE PAVE.

Some of the Thousand and One Industries that Depend on the Whims and Caprices of Passers By—A Varied List.

Let any one who walks through the city streets for pleasure and profit take note of what he sees and hears in the way of open air trading, and he will be amazed at how much ingenuity and industry is exhibited by those who depend upon the caprices of the passers by.

Here is a miniature stove, a perfect infant of a cooking stove, shining like black marble. It exhibits the application of stove polish, and many housekeepers, charmed by its brilliancy, invest in a packet in the hope of producing a like result. Elbow grease is, however, a necessary addition to this or any other polish ever invented.

Giadioli and roses! Those are the floral stock of this dark faced, reposeful woman, who is eternally tying up posies and gently sprinkling her sweet smelling wares by the flicking of a whisk broom which has been charged with water. The little woman, however, does a quiet but profitable trade in flowers and in colored dried grasses and immortelles.

Here is an old woman who has at first sight a touching, sympathetic interest about her. She is weary with age and infirmities, and as she reclines rather than rests upon her staff in the chair a human stoopkeeper has provided shawl looks as if she would some day have to be carried thence to her last home; she has a basket containing odds and ends which nobody buys. For a long time she has frequented the same spot, sat in the same attitude and elicited the same sympathy. Her history, even if not eventful, could well fail to be instructive. When the darkness of night falls upon the street another old woman, but a very small old woman, nestles within a dark doorway into a perfect ball of sad mortality, and begins to groan away at that sadness of all modern mechanisms, an orgiastic. As the wheezing, wailing strains are echoed the echoes of the silent night strangers are prompted to peer into the darkness to discover the source of the sad sounds, and tender mirths and words of sympathy. If, however, that old woman were to die to-morrow another old woman would take her place, and so on till the crack of doom.

"MY OWN PLUMBER."

"Every lady her own plumber" is decidedly attractive to the fair sex, for if the plumber is detected by one sex more than another (which is open to doubt) lovely woman hates him with a fervid hate. Here, however, is the genii who shall exorcise the fiend. All he uses is a stick of soft, very soft, solder price five cents and a tallow candle. With these two simple elements he fills up holes in a tin pot, and when they are all fitted up he makes new ones, and then adjusts you to buy his solder and go and do likewise.

Spoons of all sizes and of all qualities, from five to ten cents each. There they hang in serried rows of diminishing size and spotlessly clean. They are, indeed, too clean, because they suggest the free use of muriatic or nitric acid as an adjunct to their purity. If acids are admissible the question arises—Why? Then arise other questions about what they were before they were bleached, and the mind is filled with unbidden fears that they have been used before.

Canyon Joe related the following adventure: "It was along in the '60's that I agreed to act as scout for a party of nine men who wanted to explore the country now known as the Black Hills. These men were a tough lot, some gamblers, some miners, and all good on the shoot. I was barely 30 years old and looked younger, so when I offered myself as a scout they laughed at me and called me a kid. But when they made inquiries and learned that I had been nearly everywhere in the west and killed about as many Indians as the next one they accepted my services. If they had not I intended to take one or two out to settle for calling me a kid. These men somehow knew that plenty of gold was in the Black Hills, and had a map that some miner gave them on his deathbed. We started up the Little Big Missouri river in a large yawl boat, with plenty of provisions and firearms. It was slow work pulling up the river, but in ten days we had gone quite a distance. We hadn't been bothered by Indians, and I thought it mighty queer. It was in the fall of the year and the weather was fine. At night we tied our boat to the bank and camped on shore. We always took precautions, though, against the Indians, for fear of a surprise. Just about sunset one day I got ashore as usual and walked up the bank to select a place to camp while the party rowed along in the boat. I had not gone far when I heard a volley of firearms. I rushed to the river and saw the boat a few hundred yards above, but no one was pulling at the oars. Every man in it was dead or dying. A crowd of Indians on both sides of the river were firing into the boat, and some were swimming out to bring it to shore. The attack was a complete surprise, and I have no doubt the first volley killed them all. I wanted revenge, but single handed I could not attack them. Luckily I had my rifle and ammunition with me or I would have starved to death. I knew that I was far from any settlement, and that if I escaped the Indians I might meet death in some other form. I crept swiftly from the river, aided by the approaching night, and had gone about half a mile when a big Indian stood right up in front of me. I was a surprise to him, and I know he was to me, but I drove my hunting knife into his breast so quick that he tumbled back without a groan. He was a strait Indian belonging to the band who did the murderous work at the river. For three days I kept up a brisk pace, and managed to kill some game, which I ate raw. Then fatigue began to tell upon me.

"On the fourth day I trudged along weary and dispirited. I knew the Indians were not giving chase, but I didn't know how soon I might meet another band. I came to a shallow stream and waded across. As I started to climb the bank I was struck by the appearance of the soil. I scratched about a little and found that gold was plentiful. For a while I forgot my fatigue and drove two sticks down to indicate my claim. I slept near by that night, and when I awoke the sun was up, and two rough looking white men, armed with rifles, were standing near me. I tried to get up, but I fell back exhausted. The men came forward and asked me how I came there and what my business was. I explained my escape from the Indians, and then they treated me better. They picked me up and carried me to a small house some little distance away. When they entered the house an Indian woman, who proved to be the wife of one of the men, assisted them to put me on a few skins spread upon the floor. A half breed girl, tall and handsome, about 17 or 18 years old, the daughter, was in the house and paid scarcely any attention to my entrance. I was feverish from hunger and wanted to gorge at once, but they gave me food in small quantities. For two days I did not stir from the house. In my delirium I must have talked about the claim I had staked, for as soon as I became lucid I noticed that a change had taken place in the people. I resolved to play delirious in order to dislodge them. I raved and talked incoherently and finally cried out: 'I'll come back and work my claim.'

The turtle liver oil in consumption. At the Colonial and Indian exhibition turtle liver oil was shown among the novel medical commodities, together with several preparations of that famous reptile, presumably valuable for invalid diet, and in particular turtle eggs, the latter consisting entirely of yolk. In their mature state the eggs have a tough skin and contain a white albumen which does not become opaque when the eggs are boiled; to obtain the eggs without the albumen the plan is resort to, it appears, of extracting them from the interior of the animal, in which state these immature eggs are about one inch in diameter, and, independent of any special effect on the system, are considered a very palatable article of food. The turtle liver oil is given in consumption instead of cod liver oil, and is said to be more agreeable than the latter when fresh; the dose commonly administered is a tea-spoonful three times a day.—Public Opinion.

The Queen of Sweden.

Painting and the reading of English religious literature are the chief occupations of the Queen of Sweden. In weather that permits it she spends almost the whole day in a sort of open tent, where she arrives at 10 o'clock in the morning, lunches and dines and remains until about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The tent is quite open on the side facing the beautiful Malma lake.—New York Tribune.

### BEFORE DEATH.

What use for the rope if it be not flung Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung? What help in a comrade's single blast? What in the peril of Alpine heights is past? What in the thrill of the spurting pran roll? When the mount is safe beyond the goal? What worth is courage's blazied breath When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?

Not if you have but a word of cheer, Speak it, while I am alive to hear.

Margaret J. Preston.

Let any one who walks through the city streets for pleasure and profit take note of what he sees and hears in the way of open air trading, and he will be amazed at how much ingenuity and industry is exhibited by those who depend upon the caprices of the passers by.

It is a miniature stove, a perfect infant of a cooking stove, shining like black marble.

It exhibits the application of stove polish, and many housekeepers, charmed by its brilliancy, invest in a packet in the hope of producing a like result. Elbow grease is, however, a necessary addition to this or any other polish ever invented.

Giadioli and roses! Those are the floral stock of this dark faced, reposeful woman,

who is eternally tying up posies and gently sprinkling her sweet smelling wares by the flicking of a whisk broom which has been charged with water.

The little woman, however, does a quiet but profitable trade in flowers and in colored dried grasses and immortelles.

Here is an old woman who has at first

sight a touching, sympathetic interest about her.

She is weary with age and infirmities,

and as she reclines rather than rests upon her staff in the chair a human stoopkeeper has

provided shawl looks as if she would some day

have to be carried thence to her last home;

she has a basket containing odds and ends

which nobody buys. For a long time she

has frequented the same spot, sat in the same

attitude and elicited the same sympathy.

Her history, even if not eventful, could well

fail to be instructive.

It was an exotic child of the east—but he grew to manhood among the rough frontiersmen, and the howl of the coyote, the shriek of the de-

structive blizzard, were as music to his ear.

His nature was gradually transformed to a

a toughness that matched well the hardy cactus

and the stunted chaparral.

He was called Canyon Joe because he was found in a canyon by some trappers and adopted by me. He had strayed from a wagon train on its way to Utah and got lost. At this time he was 14 years old, and possessed of an amount of nerve, which by assiduous cultivation, developed his capacity to cut a wide and crimson swath in any community that gave him the slightest provocation. When I met him it was several years after the war. I was with a mining party prospecting in Arizona. We were in the bleak but picturesque mountainous region where old Geronimo so long defended the United States army. There were fifteen of us in the party, including a half breed scout and several old miners, who knew the country pretty well. One evening we had struck our camp on the mountain side, near a small stream, and put out the usual pickets for Indians, when we heard a commotion and very soon the scout came walking in, leading a horse which had a rider. The horseman was Canyon Joe, and he seemed to be very happy to find white men with plenty to eat and drink. He had two Indian scalps, freshly taken, dangling at the pommel of his saddle, and he explained that he killed the redskins in an open square fight. The miners present did not credit this, and rather suspected that he slipped upon them unawares. His face looked as if it had been tanned for ages by a hot sun and secured by dirt scooped from an alkali plain. Although only medium size he seemed to possess a wiry frame and great physical strength and endurance. His eyes were small and a piercing black, set very close together, and separated by the bridge of a very thin aquiline nose. He asked permission to camp with us that night, and agreed to act as guide for the party during the rest of the trip. It was considered better to utilize him than to have him at large—perhaps stirring up the Indians against us—so we gave him a cordial reception. After supper we sat before a small fire in front of the tent and passed the bottle. Canyon Joe drank freely, and began to narrate some of his exploits. The half breed scout, a tall, athletic man, sat rather reclined on the ground by the fire, opposite Joe. He kept his eyes fastened on the latter and listened attentively, but never ventured a remark.

Canyon Joe related the following adventure: "It was along in the '60's that I agreed to act as scout for a party of nine men who wanted to explore the country now known as the Black Hills. These men were a tough lot, some gamblers, some miners, and all good on the shoot. I was barely 30 years old and looked younger, so when I offered myself as a scout they laughed at me and called me a kid. But when they made inquiries and learned that I had been nearly everywhere in the west and killed about as many Indians as the next one they accepted my services. If they had not I intended to take one or two out to settle for calling me a kid. These men somehow knew that plenty of gold was in the Black Hills, and had a map that some miner gave them on his deathbed. We started up the Little Big Missouri river in a large yawl boat, with plenty of provisions and firearms. It was slow work pulling up the river, but in ten days we had gone quite a distance. We hadn't been bothered by Indians, and I thought it mighty queer. It was in the fall of the year and the weather was fine. At night we tied our boat to the bank and camped on shore. We always took precautions, though, against the Indians, for fear of a surprise. Just about sunset one day I got ashore as usual and walked up the bank to select a place to camp while the party rowed along in the boat. I had not gone far when I heard a volley of firearms. I rushed to the river and saw the boat a few hundred yards above, but no one was pulling at the oars. Every man in it was dead or dying. A crowd of Indians on both sides of the river were firing into the boat, and some were swimming out to bring it to shore. The attack was a complete surprise, and I have no doubt the first volley killed them all. I wanted revenge, but single handed I could not attack them. Luckily I had my rifle and ammunition with me or I would have starved to death. I knew that I was far from any settlement, and that if I escaped the Indians I might meet death in some other form. I crept swiftly from the river, aided by the approaching night, and had gone about half a mile when a big Indian stood right up in front of me. I was a surprise to him, and I know he was to me, but I drove my hunting knife into his breast so quick that he tumbled back without a groan. He was a strait Indian belonging to the band who did the murderous work at the river. For three days I kept up a brisk pace, and managed to kill some game, which I ate raw. Then fatigue began to tell upon me.

"On the fourth day I trudged along weary and dispirited. I knew the Indians were not giving chase, but I didn't know how soon I might meet another band. I came to a shallow stream and waded across. As I started to climb the bank I was struck by the appearance of the soil. I scratched about a little and found that gold was plentiful. For a while I forgot my fatigue and drove two sticks down to indicate my claim. I slept near by that night, and when I awoke the sun was up, and two rough looking white men, armed with rifles, were standing near me. I tried to get up, but I fell back exhausted. The men came forward and asked me how I came there and what my business was. I explained my escape from the Indians, and then they treated me better. They picked me up and carried me to a small house some little distance away. When they entered the house an Indian woman, who proved to be the wife of one of the men, assisted them to put me on a few skins spread upon the floor. A half breed girl, tall and handsome, about 17 or 18 years old, the daughter, was in the house and paid scarcely any attention to my entrance. I was feverish from hunger and wanted to gorge at once, but they gave me food in small quantities. For two days I did not stir from the house. In my delirium I must have talked about the claim I had staked, for as soon as I

Stanford, Ky. - November 4, 1887

W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRAISE THE LORD.

NORTH FAIRMOUNT, CINCINNATI, O.

OCT. 24, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR:—North Fairmount is a mischievous suburb of that metropolis known as "Porkopolis" in the days when grunting swine wandered unrestrained in the streets, and saucily rooted between the legs of pedestrains for the gutter garbage. At last the biped rebelled and the grunters were banished. Yet the city is not clean. Nay, since Pittsburg washed her face and put on gaseous airs, she can even fairly aspire to the position vacated by that Queen of Smut at the dirtiest city on the continent. One looks upon the color of the water in the basin, after the 10th ablation of the day, with wonder not unmingled with disgust, and says, "Can I be so dirty a wretch as that?"

Once upon a time, when coal smoke was unknown in that vicinity, the Indian pitch'd his wigwam, beside the loveliness of meandering streams. At the bottom of the densely wooded dell, the half river, half streamlet—now called Mill Creek—wound its babbling way, to yield its modest tribute to the broad Ohio tide. To look upon its poisoned and polluted waters to-day, sluggish with foetid drainings from cess pool, cattle-yard and pig-sty, one could hardly believe it to have been, in its earlier history, exquisite for beauty or crystal for clearness. At present it is merely the foulest of open drains, breeding malaria and mosquito.

The hills along this once beautiful stream are being so cloven and gashed, to yield building sites and material for vast fillings elsewhere, that they are torn to pieces, past recognition, as the great, dirty city encroaches on them. Up the C. H. & D. R. R., which follows this Mill Creek valley, the hills, as yet untouched, show what the ones, so grievously marred, once were. Beautiful, billowy masses of foliage now, with gorgeous autumn tints crowning them so gloriously.

George Dunlap has a mission church in North Fairmount, and his energetic friends—Norris, of the stock-yards; Brooks, of Camp Washington; and the Shermans, of Fairmount, uphold his hands most efficiently. Wife and I were the honored guests of the latter dear family, and made acquaintanceship that will, we trust, ripen into lifelong friendships. Nothing could exceed the courteous attentions of these kind entertainers, and we spent a most happy week at their cottage on the hill. The girls were across the stock-yards at the Hackett House, which is kept by a Kentuckian from Jessamine county. They too were most hospitably entertained. The little hall where our meetings were held was only capable of holding 200, jammed; and was not once filled to its utmost capacity. Folks from the city decline to come to the malodorous vicinity of the stock yards, and the folks of Fairmount don't generally "take stock" in religion. It would have taken a solid month to "work up" a "good meeting," and a month we did not have to spare from our cold-weather Southern work. The dear people who came all got blessing, and the interest was growing slowly but steadily when we came away. I am glad we went. It will be a help some of these days, when the dear LORD bids us besiege the unclean, wicked, but still most attractive city of Cincinnati. I believe He has "much people" there whom our simple gospel will reach and bless.

We have been in North Fairmount just a week. We all had a little touch of Mill Creek miasma in that time, but all were healed by the good LORD in the simple way of His own appointment—a drop of oil and a word of prayer.

PADUCAH, KY. OCT. 27, 1887.

We came from Cincinnati via the Short Line. It may be "short," but it is anything but "sweet;" for I have not in my travels met any so jerky, bumpy, rollickingly drunken a railway as this. The old "Erie" was something like it, in recklessness of speed and sharpness of turnings. But for attempts to jump the track without quite making it, command me to the Short Line, between Cincinnati and Louisville.

"Can you lodge four Barnes?" we telegraphed Pat Joyce, our friend of 40 odd years. "Yes! Come along! Glad to have you!" he wired back, and the dear old boy met us at the station with his hearty grasp and unchanged affectionate ways. In a quarter of an hour we were at 532 Second street, which poured out its inmates in tumultuous welcome to greet us. For about five minutes, according to immemorial usage, when we enter Pat's house, every living soul of us, big and little—I had almost said—yells at a very high pitch of voice, regardless of everybody else. Questions and answers there are, but to the general observer it is simply Babel—these old time greetings. After awhile we quiet down; consent to take chairs and talk like rational people.

Our stay at Pat's was all too short. I was voted a tyrant of "most hideous men," in view of a firm purpose to be off to Paducah on the next morning's train. I could hardly do otherwise, seeing I had sent a telegraphic appointment, which I could not, decently, cancel. But the female mind is in no wise logical, and the feminine cho-

rus of disapprobation refused to take such a commonplace as breaking a positive engagement into consideration. But I was "chilled steel" and carried the point, leaving promptly at 9:30 Wednesday A. M.

The run from Louisville to Paducah—220 miles—was quite a surprise to us all. The C. & O. road is perfectly equipped and the emigrant travel that so sorely oppresses the eastern division ceases at Louisville, by branching off on another route. Travel, in a parlor car, with reclining chairs, over a beautifully smooth road, takes off the weary edge of a wandering life to a marvellous degree. Such was our comfortable lot on the C. & O. out of Louisville. The scenery crossing Muldraugh's Hill is exquisite and the whole route through undulating oak forest a perpetual feast to the eye, with October glory upon everything. Some of the trees, notably the willow, and water oak, are quite green yet, while the sweet gum, the beech and white and red oaks, are ablaze in many-tinted splendor. Some look as crimson red that one should think blood drops must needs follow a puncture. I never saw finer autumn hues than this one has brought with it. One is tempted to sentimentalize indefinitely over them.

Our good friend, Mr. Rowland, who, hearing a sermon or two in Frankfort, invited us to Paducah, met us at the depot, in company with his partner in the real estate and insurance business, Mr. Trueheart, and we were soon at our quarters in a comfortable hotel as a weary traveler could wish for. Mr. T. is a nephew of our good Mrs. Trueheart, so well known in Stanford. I think people who have such attractive names to start with have the advantage of us common folk. The very sound of the syllables has an inspiring effect. I should think, and a name like "Trueheart" ought to be a talisman to guard the life from low thoughts and aspirations.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES

## IN MEMORIAM

—In Lincoln county, Kentucky, October 7th, 1887, at his home near D. X. river, David Spoonamore was called to his reward. Peacefully he fell asleep, after many days of suffering and wearisome nights of pain. He was a long life of 77 years, characterized by energy in business, honesty in all his transactions and a conscience void of offense toward all men. He did not wait to make his peace with God until his last illness. For many years he had been a member of the Methodist Church and loved its ordinances. When his feet touched the cold waters of the Jordan he was not afraid, but looked beyond to the heavenly city that hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God. Full of years, with the blissful hope of immortality, he has been gathered to his fathers. The dear ones he left behind mourn not as those without hope. The devoted wife who walked by his side 53 years can look forward to a reunion where separations never come and death is unknown. The suffering of this present life is not to be compared with the exceeding great reward God has prepared for His faithful followers. The trial of earth come to all, but the redemption through Christ brings the promise of glory hereafter, and God's children, with an eye to the recompence of the reward, pass through earth's afflictions with cheerful submission. While our names may be desecrated and our hearts bereaved, it is not long—the end will come—the sorrows will be passed and broken families again be united. Let not the bereaved hearts of wife and children dwell upon the loss of husband and father, but think of him as happy in heaven, free from sickness, free from care and trial and forever with the Lord. Let them remember that there is now.

"One more at home! That home where separation cannot be. That home where none are missed eternally. Lord Jesus grant us all a home with Thee, At home in heaven."

ASTRONOMERS say that on or about the 13th of this month the earth will pass thro' the meteor belt and a brilliant display may take place, equaling if not surpassing the great event of the kind in 1833. And this reminds us of what our father used to tell of it. He was sleeping with another little brother, James, and on awaking and seeing what looked like thousands of stars falling, he became alarmed and tried to arouse the other sleeper, who half opened his eyes and remarked, "Oh, go to sleep boy; that's the way the stars go down every morning."

—Bro. Keck, a preacher belonging to the Cincinnati Methodist conference, has been convicted at Cedarville, O., of stealing a flat-iron from one of his members. What a preacher would want with a flat-iron is hard to conjecture, unless to throw at the sleepy members of his congregation when they are inclined to venture into the Land of Nod.

## L. &amp; N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North 2:03 P. M.  
" " South 1:31 P. M.  
Express train... 11:45 A. M.  
" " North 12:15 P. M.  
Local Freight North 6:35 A. M.  
" " South 6:55 A. M.  
The latter trains also carry passengers. The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

## R. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Trains leave Rowland at 5 and 7:20 A. M.  
Returning, arrive 6 and 8:55 P. M.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books and school supplies from A. R. Penny.

Ask your grocer for the Cincinnati Baking Co.'s crackers and cakes.

Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by A. R. Penny.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. A. R. Penny.

The firm of Penny & McAllister having dissolved, the accounts are ready for settlement. Come at once and settle. You may save cost.

—At New Burlington, Ind., Ned Sheikley shot and killed his father-in-law, James Carey, and then blew out his own brains.

New Photograph Gallery!

Opposite Female College. Call and examine my work. Cabinets \$4 per dozen. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. PAUL,  
Photographer.

H. C. JOHNSON,  
THE BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

Is now prepared with a good stock and an additional workman to do any kind of work in his line promptly and in the best manner. Give him a trial. Stop on Lancaster street. (277-1)

## Estray!

A Bay Mare, 14 or 15 years old, in poor condition, came to my farm about 3 weeks ago. The owner can get her by paying for this advertisement.

J. R. BEALES,  
Stanford, Ky.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1887.

## Estray!

## A Blood-Red Yearling Steer

Came to my farm about the middle of August. Owner can get him by paying for this notice and board of steer. B. D. HOLTZCLAW,  
Near Walnut Flat.

275-1

Administrator's Sale!

As Administrator of G. W. King, deceased, I will sell on the premises 3 miles north of Crab Orchard, on the Lancaster pike, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1887.

The Following Property:

33 head extra good feeding cattle, 2 milch cows, 4 calves, 4 extra brood mares in foal by Walker's Messenger Calf; 2 sucking colts; 3 2 year old colts by Maubrino King; 1 pair work mules; 20 fattening hogs; 500 lbs of sow and pig; 800 bushels of corn; 40 bushels shelled oats; 5 stacks of hay; 100 shocks of fodder; wagon, buggy, farming utensils, &c.

## For Rent.

The Farm of Three Hundred Acres

With a No. 1 Dwelling House and all necessary improvements will be rented for the year 1888.

TERMS—All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand; one that amount accrued of six months, with bond well secured, payable in Farmers National Bank, Stanford, Ky.

J. C. KING, Admr.

275-1

## PUBLIC SALE

OF  
MILL & STORE PROPERTY

I will sell at public auction on the premises, on

Thursday, November 17th, 1887.

The following described real estate, situated on the North Fork of the Scioto River, 1 1/2 miles from Gravel Switch Station, on the Knoxville Branch of the L. & N. R. R., in Marion County, Ky. The improvements are:

A 2 1/2 story Frame Grist and Flouring Mill, with saw Mill attached, water power, doing a good business and well running, ordered A. M. Frame Store building, 25x40 feet, A. M. Frame Dwelling, six rooms, nail p. stairs and down; two stairways, good cistern at the door. Two Tenebrion houses, good Frame, with standing 8 head of hogs, 100 bushels corn, 500 bushels of Corn, and other buildings not here mentioned, together with 5 1/2 Acres of Land, more or less.

The above property is worthy the attention of buyers, as I have determined to sell, go high or low, and without negotiation pronounce it a sale at every particular, doing all that is claimed for it.

Wm. Daugherty, J. W. Wallace, Dr. Bourne, Mrs. S. P. Salter, A. C. Sime, Bill Perkins, Lewis Duddifer, J. E. Lyons, L. C. Brown, Wm. May, Mr. and Mrs. George Peyton, Alex. H. H. C. Fields, Albert Gentry, Sam Raines, E. Barrow, A. M. Feild and many others.

M. F. E. KIN.

Headquarters at S. S. Myers' store

Will invoice between \$5,000 and \$6,000 or will

separate the stock to suit purchaser, conditions known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock.

H. J. HOOPER,  
Gravel Switch, Ky.

J. C. GLAZEBROOK, Auctioneer

275-1

Also a

Stock of Merchandise at Private Sale

Will invoice between \$5,000 and \$6,000 or will

separate the stock to suit purchaser, conditions known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock.

H. J. HOOPER,  
Gravel Switch, Ky.

J. C. GLAZEBROOK, Auctioneer

275-1

## BUY

## GROCERIES

—OF—

T. R. WALTON

—CORNER—

MAIN &amp; SOMERSET STS..

AND GET THE

BEST.

## A. R. PENNY,

PHARMACIST.

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND

FANCY ARTICLES.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED.

— ALSO —

JEWELER.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.



## PLEASE OBSERVE

THAT—  
M'ROBERTS & STAGG,  
HAVE—  
A FULL ASSORTMENT!  
OF—  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and  
Silverware.

Having secured the services of C. F. KENT, a practical Watchmaker with many years' experience, all work will be done with neatness and dispatch, fully insured. Spectacles and Eye Glasses to suit the eye.

## UNDERWEAR!!

.OUR STOCK OF.

In Single Pieces or in Suits!  
Is now complete.

From the Cheapest Cotton to the Finest Balbriggan or  
'Name's Hair.

H. C. RUPLEY,  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

—I have received and still receiving—

New Goods for Fall and Winter,

Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Gotten Up in Style and Make Second to None in City or Country

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

## WEAREN &amp; MENEFEE,



Dealer in Fine Buggies, Carriages, Surrays, Phaetons, Spring Wagons, Buck Boards, Road Carts, Farming Implements, Engines, Mills, Grain, Feed, Seeds, Coal, Lumber, Doors, Sash-Blinds, Picket Fencing, &c. Our Stock of Vehicles is larger and more complete than ever before, from the cheapest to the best.

All of work guaranteed as represented. Prices to suit the times. We can sell you as good vehicles as any dealer or manufacturer and for as little money. Come and see our fine assortment before it is broken.

</